PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z.

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CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 14 • No. 2 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JANUARY 10, 1941 | FIVE CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

SIGN THE PETITION AGAINST ANOTHER GARAGE ON OCEAN AVENUE

Even though the proponents of a garage on Ocean avenue at Junipero have not as yet filed with the city council their petition with approving property owners this is no time to let up in the matter of opposition. Sign the petitions to the council against it. You will find one of the petitions at the bottom right-hand corner of this page, or you can come into THE CYMBAL office and sign it, or you can stop the editor on the street and sign the one in his pocket.

But if you don't want another garage on Ocean avenue the council will thank you for telling it so. We have more than 300 names now, but let's have 600 before the public hearing is held.

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE UNITED STATES HELP BRITAIN MORE?

This being a Democracy and everybody in it entitled to express his or her opinion about anything, THE CYMBAL is moved to further this Democratic principle by helping you and you and you do so.

One of our readers who is ardently sympathetic with the proposal of the President to give England all the help possible in the belief that she (England) stands between us and a hell of a tough spot, offers to help you express your views so that your representatives in Congress will see and hear them.

Anyone anxious to support Congressional action favoring the administration's program of all aid to Britain short of war, can arrange for letters to Congress by sending a sheet of note paper for each letter together with his name and address to THE CYMBAL office. Your letters will be signed with your name and initialed by the person typing them, and you will get carbon copies back.

THE CYMBAL reader who has promised to type your letters is planning herself to ask for support of the President's plan of aid as outlined to Congress, with such general recommendations as the War Department may deem advisable for immediate security. Unless you have a different idea, this recommendation will be made in your name.

Total cost of postage will be four cents for each letter (including the cost of returning copy)—for air mail, seven cents. But letters will be sent on request in any case.

In case you like to write your own letters, California's two U. S. Senators are Hiram Johnson and Sheridan Downey, and Congressman for this district is John Z. Anderson.

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WE HAVE JUST TO KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT IT

There's no doubt at all about it—if we would keep any vestige of what Carmel was that made it beautiful and irresistible in the beginning and has to a degree kept it so for the years until now, we have to keep everlastingly at the business of battling those who apparently don't give a damn about it just so long as they can make personal profit out of their business ventures.

And the absurd thing about the attitude of the "Ah, what the hell; Carmel's just like an-

(Continued on Page Two)

1940 SMASHES ALL BUILDING RECORDS

It's been quite a year, folks—that is, in building construction it has.

The annual report of Floyd Adams, acting building inspector, shows that there were 218 permits issued during 1940 with a total construction value of $565,901. This includes the Gates - Phillips Hotel project which didn't materialize. That boosted the March total to $117,102 which would appear to be tops, but as it's phoney, the Oscar goes to October with a legitimate total of $72,614. Adams points out that this total, "for buildings actually constructed," makes October, 1940, the biggest month in Carmel's history.

Adams also does a little bit of throwing up some roses and running under them—and, we'd say, with much justice. He notes that the fees collected by the building inspector's office for the year, including those for electrical permits, gas permits and miscellaneous permits, totalled $1,979.58, while the expenses of his office, including his salary of $1,710 and his car allowance of $60, totalled only $1,817.87.

And he says:

"The above figures show that the building, gas and electrical inspections, as well as such zoning enforcement as has been done, has been self-supporting, probably for the first time since the work was started."

The break down shows that of the permits issued during 1940, 103 were for new residences with a total valuation of $391,472 which gives as the average value per residence the figure of $3,600.

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Writers of Stories for Children To Address Carmel P.-T. A.

Mrs. Zenas L. Potter (Miriam Clark Potter) and Mrs. George W. Stuart (Florence Partello Stuart), both residents of Carmel and both writers of children's stories, will address the Parent-Teachers' Association at its January meeting next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Sunset School library. Although they have not announced their subjects, we presume that Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Stuart will discuss their writings. Mrs. Potter writes for very small children; Mrs. Stuart, (or Kippy) if you know her) writes for teen-age, boys particularly, or girls if they have a lust for adventure in their blood.

As is its usual hospitable custom, the P.-T. A. will serve tea immediately afterwards.

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Women's Choral Group Is Organized

Soon a Women's Choral Group, under the direction of John Burr, will be added to the roster of the various musical organizations on the Peninsula. Last Tuesday night those who were interested in forming such a group met at Burr's house to appoint committees, with Mrs. I. W. Weikel acting as temporary chairman.

Next Tuesday night officers will be elected at another meeting to be held at the Burr home, where the group will continue to have its meetings.

All Peninsula women who might want to become part of such a project are invited to come and, subject to the decision of the committee, membership will be open to anyone.

THEY FAIL TO FILE

OWNERS OF OCEAN AVENUE BLOCK APPARENTLY UNABLE TO OBTAIN SUFFICIENT SIGNATURES OF PROPERTY OWNERS IN FAVOR OF GARAGE-GAS STATION

PROTEST PETITION STILL BEING SIGNED

They failed to file!

Owners of Block 68, former site of the Lynn Hodges Stables at Ocean avenue and Junipero street, failed to present to the city council at its meeting Wednesday night signatures of 50 per cent of the property owners within a radius of 400 feet of the property, a necessary step toward the calling of a public hearing on their application to change the block from Commercial District No. 1 to Commercial District No. 2 in order that they may lease it for a garage and service station.

It is now a month since the owners of the block petitioned the council for this change and were informed that under the city zoning ordinance approval of 50 per cent of the property owners in the 400-foot radius was necessary before a public hearing could be called in the matter.

Immediately following the council meeting a month ago when the petition was presented, THE CYMBAL started a campaign against the proposal and caused opposing petitions to be printed and circulated. To date eight of these petitions have been circulated, addressed to the city council, and appealing to it to stand firm against a change in the zoning law. More than 300 signatures of residents, property owners and taxpayers have been obtained on these petitions and more citizens are signing every day.

It is believed that failure of the owners of Block 68 to file with the council Wednesday night a list of property owners in the 400-foot radius who approve the application for the zoning change, means that the required 50 per cent has not been obtained by the proponents of the plan.

On THE CYMBAL's petitions opposing the plan are the signatures of a number of property owners within the 400-foot radius of the block which the owners want to lease for the

(Continued from Page Eleven)

ROY FRATIES IS NOW CHIEF OF POLICE

Roy Fraties, for four years a member of the Carmel Police force, is now its chief.

He was appointed by the city council at its meeting Wednesday night following acceptance of the resignation of Robert Walton who has been on a leave of absence for six months and who has been called to duty as a captain in the Marine Corps.

There is still another vacancy to fill on the police force, John Van Epps, the night man, having resigned a week ago to accept a deputyship in the sheriff's office at Salinas. Chief Fraties said this morning that this position would be filled sometime this month. There are four applications for the job.

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Kent Clark Dies Suddenly

Kent W. Clark, prominent Carmel resident, member of the board of trustees of the Carmel Library for the last five years, died yesterday afternoon at his home on San Antonio street. He had been in ill health for a number of years but had been active in civic affairs up until a few weeks ago.

Kent Clark was 63 years old, a native of Ohio and came to Carmel with his family nine years ago. Previous to coming here he was engaged in the hotel business in San Francisco and in Yellowstone National Park.

He leaves his wife, Mrs. Suzanne Clark, and a son, Kent, Jr., of Carmel, and a daughter, Mrs. Charles Walson of Louisville, Ky.

Funeral services, under direction of the Freeman-Rancadore Mortuary in Monterey, will be private and it is asked that flowers be omitted.

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British War Relief Takes Over Monterey Bowl On January 24

The British War Relief committee is taking over the Monterey Bowl on January 24 from morning until night. The admission will be $1 for general participation in the event, bowling to be extra, but the committee will get a percentage of that income also. There will be more than 50 prizes which have been donated and which, we are given to understand, are pretty fine. There will be door prizes also. Eddie Anderson, manager of the Bowl, is cooperating enthusiastically with the committee, and Mrs. Edward Tyrell - Martin, chairman, expresses the hope that the returns from the event will amount to $550, a sum necessary to provide a hospital bed for an R.A.F. flyer. Maybe they will be able to provide for two beds.

Ritschel, Great Painter, Does a Great Bit for Victims of War

William Ritschel, our great marine painter, has been quietly doing what he considers his share in the way of contributing to the Red Cross and various war relief benefits and what we consider to be a very generous share indeed.

For many years the work of William Ritschel has demanded and maintained upper bracket prices. Therefore, when he sends a picture to be auctioned for the benefit of the Red Cross in San Francisco, and yet another forwarded to New York for the benefit of the French War Relief, it's news. In view of this generosity it seems not presumptuous to suppose that that had Ritschel been approached he would have accorded the same privilege to the Carmel drive.

During the last war Ritschel took the medals he had won in recognition of his work both in Europe and America to the U. S. Mint and had them melted down. The resulting $200 was then divided between the Red Cross in New York and the Red Cross in Carmel. This fact has never before been made public.

To the HONORABLE MAYOR and
CITY COUNCIL of CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA:

We, the undersigned property owners, taxpayers and residents of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, wish herewith to express our objection to a change in the zoning law as requested by the owners of Block 68 in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

We object to this change because it would result in a policy of so-called "spot zoning," which has destroyed the most desirable zoning principle in every city where it has been practiced.

We ar also most emphatically against the purpose of the owners of this property in requesting a change in the zone law— to wit: the leasing of the said property for the proposed construction of a garage at the corner of Junipero street and Ocean Avenue and the establishment of a service station on Junipero street opposite our City Park.

We are heartily in favor of the present zoning law which prvents the establishment of another garage on our main business street, and, as citizens of this city, we respectfully rquest that you deny the application of the owners of Block 68.

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other town" people is that they are shooting lead into the goose that, given a chance to keep on philandering, will continue to drop the golden ovals. Shoot her down, and, to put it on an economic basis, which hurts us, the cash register loses its rhythm.

There appears to be a growing tendency about town to accept that oft-repeated fallacy as fact —that Carmel is just another town. We are ready though loath to admit for the last few years it has at time seemed to be drifting that way, but not yet is it an ordinary town and, by the gods, it is up to us who love living and loving here to save it for, at least, the period of existence left to us, from so becoming.

Since its dazzling re-birth four years ago THE CARMEL CYMBAL has consistently championed this cause. During the last three months we have given even more of our unstinted enthusiasm to the job. As the weeks and months wear on we shall, if God gives us continued enlightenment, gird our loins even tighter —or whatever it is one does when one girds one's loins.

We haven't been wise in this—in the economic sense, perhaps; and then, again, perhaps we have. There is scarcely a week that goes by that THE CYMBAL'S editor doesn't receive a letter complimenting him on his "courageous" stand about a matter affecting Carmel's welfare. He's grateful, of course, but principally he is gratified by the apparent agreement of the writers with him on what's best for Carmel. As to his courage, maybe it isn't so much courage after all, because he has to admit if pinned down that there is selfishness mixed up with it.

If he were complimented for his common sense he'd be much more puffed up by the encomiums. Because he is selfish when it comes to his battle to save Carmel and he believes he is using a lot more common sense than, say, the people whose principal interest is in the number of people who cross their thresholds on Ocean avenue and how much they spend before they get out.

The editor of THE CYMBAL has a business here as well as a home. He and his family enjoy living here and they want to continue to enjoy it. It is necessary for his business to succeed in order to assure continued residence in Carmel. The battles he fights in THE CYMBAL are both in the interests of his family's joy in living here and his fortunes in keeping in business here.

He wants Carmel to continue to be attractive as a place to live; as a place where swell people, such as the members of his family are, will want to live. And if he can do anything toward keeping swell people here, and getting more swell people to come here, he'll help his bloomin' business.

And he's just as sure as birth and the sales tax that it can't be done by neon signs in store windows, unlimited license to crazy automobile drivers and more garages and service stations on Ocean avenue.

His certainty of this hardly deserves the dignified term of common sense. Any fool ought to know it.

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WELL—ALL RIGHT

There seems to be some impression on the part of somebody, we haven't yet discovered who, that in an item under the heading "Cracker Barrel" in last week's Cymbal, it was implied that two most respectable young men — George de Amaral and Haswell McFadden — were responsible for the liberties taken with an enlisted man's automobile at the Mission Ranch Club last week. We can't see that the story implied this at all—as a matter of fact, it stated that the two boys mentioned saw a stranger fooling with the car. However, as we are responsible for putting the wrong headline on the story and also for crediting its writing to the wrong person, we might just as well be shot for a fox as a goose.

—W.K.B.

A Restrained Letter From London That Packs Drama in Every Line

(Could any letter be more restrained and yet more dramatic than this that follows? It is written by a woman in London to a friend in Carmel. Those Britons! Whether you're an isolationist or a warmonger, you got to admit it.—Ed.)

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Dearest A:

It is a long time since I have written. It has been difficult to settle down to writing these last months—but you probably heard something of me from I. for I wrote to her last summer, or early Autumn and the Autumn has been almost all blitzkrieg and a question of keeping going in spite of adverse circumstances, which I have succeeded in doing pretty well. We are all good neighbours now in these flats. Two very nice ladies at No. 3 come down on noisy nights and we sleep in a row on our respective mattresses in my passage which is fortunately a large one, and most nights have been noisy—some extremely so, since early in September. The last fortnight things have eased off a bit, and my new friends have been able to sleep upstairs on their beds, but not *in* them as we don't undress. I have stuck to my passage, as I don't like getting up in the night when there is an "alert." Sometimes, if the "all clear" has gone, I get up early, undress, and put myself between the sheets for a change and a treat. Some people undress and go to bed optimistically, but I don't like the idea of having to run out with only a coat over my nightgown as some friends had to when a bomb weighing 600 pounds went through some shops close to their flat and didn't explode, buried itself so deep that it was 10 days before the soldiers and others, who do that sort of dangerous work, were able to get it up, so my friends had to remain in a hotel for 10 days. It was a miracle, they say, that their flat was not demolished. I have been most fortunate so far. When a cinema just round the corner was bombed nearly to the ground, and the library next to me much damaged, my windows were burst and sucked open by the blast, the bolts or fastenings broken, and a good deal of glass. It was 5 o'clock in the morning, and I was on my mattress and came to no harm—but it was an unpleasant experience, though a small one. So many hundreds or, rather, thousands have entirely lost their homes—hundreds just in this neighbourhood, for there is much damage about here. It is sad to see great shops, churches and houses mere shells.

The people are really wonderful, they go early to the public shelters for the raiders often come between 6 and 1. I expect you read in your papers of how the government's trying to improve the shelters, put in bunks and have canteens. All the tubes are used, even the platforms. In the streets are brick and cement shelters—they put one in my garden for the flats and some of us used it for a time, but we were advised that my passage is safer and certainly warmer this time of year. The people at No. 2 are away so the No. 4 tenants sleep there on bad nights. The barrages, of course, are very noisy, especially when the naval guns are in action, but nobody minds that—it is our guard. But it isn't pleasant when one happens to hear bombs whizzing over and not knowing where they will land—those are tense moments, but everybody still in London stands it all well. A thousand times better that than be under the domination of the Nazis like poor Norway, France and other countries. Mrs. B. and her daughter escaped from Norway when Hitler occupied the country by treachery. They are in Stockholm and N. is working there. For a long time I could not communicate except by telegram, but now I can write to N. but not her mother. To my friend in Norway I can get no word. I grieve for that country. The Norwegians are such a proud independent race — the poor peasants are suffering terribly, I understand. The Germans commandeered their food, they are selfish brutes.

Some of my friends have left London. Miss F. is still here. She has a large allotment at Richmond on which she has grown and is growing vegetables with great success. I have eaten many of them this summer at her flat and here. Beans, peas, potatoes, cabbage, etc., and all excellent. She has lately supplied me with onions which have been unobtainable in the shops even at 10 shillings a pound. Some millions have come just lately from Egypt but don't go very far in such thickly populated country as Great Britain. Miss F. has invited me to lunch on Christmas day when she is having some friends, and I hope to have four or five friends to lunch on New Year's Day and hope I may get a small turkey, if not, pheasants. I am making a couple of Christmas puddings. I put down 50 eggs so have still a good number but I shall have, I am afraid, to leave out the grated lemon peel and juice I generally put in my puddings as lemons have disappeared. I think, however, the food ministry has done splendidly—I seldom get all my meat ration and the meat is excellent. I rather miss butter as the ration is only two ounces a week, but more than enough margerine for me—and I have to go slow on tea, but at Christmas we are to have a little extra. I have plenty of sugar and made some jam. Last war the bread was dreadful, this time it is excellent. There is really nothing to grumble about in the way of food and of course the soldiers and our splendid air men and sailors get more than us civilians. London with its boarded up shop windows is strange looking, but busy. There are no Christmas numbers this year, but I shall see if I can get a Dutch number for C. My love to you both. America is doing grand work for us. E. has twice or three times invited me to join her mother and herself in Scotland and has been very kind, but I feel I must stay in London.

C———

London,
December 2, 1940.

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DR. MacDOUGAL TALKS ABOUT LIBYAN DESERT

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, erstwhile director of the coastal laboratory of the Carnegie Institute here in Carmel, and a guy who knows more about trees than a sparrow, or even a woodpecker, can talk about almost anything. Last Monday night he told the American Legion about the Libyan Desert, for instance. Now, there's nothing about the Libyan Desert that anybody really could know, or anything about it that anyone would care to hear, but Dr. MacDougal is said to have held the Legionnaires spellbound. That man gets away with murder. He's even fooled the publishers of "Who's Who." But we got him once. We asked him how many two-point leads in a pica. We left him where he lay.

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Rx.

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THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SHOP
On Ocean Avenue, three doors East of the Bank of Carmel

'Our Town' To Be On Screen; Play On the Stage

Starting next Friday a hilarious Thornton Wilder short stage play, "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden," will be presented by members of the Carmel Adult Education group in drama at the Playhouse on the same program with the Wilder picture, "Our Town," with no addition to the regular film admission prices.

The short play will be performed by a cast of seven, with Ellen Habenicht in the role of *Mrs. Kirby* and Dick Bixler as the Patient *Elmer*, her husband.

The request showing of "Our Town," a Pulitzer Prize winning story, will mark the beginning of the winter week-end schedule of the Playhouse which will continue until spring, pictures being shown only on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

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Ricci Concert Will Be January 24

A wire from New York this week informed Kit Whitman that she must push the date of her Ricci concert ahead one day to Friday, January 24. This is swell, because THE CYMBAL comes out on Friday and that means one more week of publicity for Kit.

Tonight in the San Francisco Civic Auditorium John Barbirolli is conducting the San Francisco symphony. Last October Barbirolli had the honor of directing Ricci when he appeared at Carnegie Hall as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Just 11 years before Ricci, a solemn-eyed boy of nine, had made his New York debut with the Manhattan Symphony under the direction of the late Henry Hadley. He played the Mendelssohn *Concerto* and managed to astound an unbelieving audience, confound the masters, and make musical history. In the repeat performance of that same *Concerto* last fall Ricci was recognized as one of the world's foremost violinists. It was fitting that the composer on this program should be Mendelssohn, the great German composer whose music now is forbidden in his own country, for both the conductor, born in England of an Italian father and a French mother, and the soloist, an American youth of Italian ancestry, were contributing their services in order that the proceeds of the concert might be employed in the cause of refugee children being brought to Canada. It gave an inspiring meaning to the evening, and reminded the world that music, with its language of universality, should rise above the political confines of its time.

Council Discusses City Hall Site

The city council Wednesday night gave quite a little time and thought to the matter of a site for a future city hall of the city's own.

It was moved to this consideration by Mrs. J. B. McGrury who called attention to the quite evident fact that if the city doesn't acquire a site pretty soon there won't be any to acquire within any reasonable distance of the center of the town.

Although it was agreed that the first consideration in the matter of a bond issue should be that which provides for the completion of the Carmel High School plant, the council did discuss the possibility of buying a city hall site on the installment plan if possible. It was also thought that something might be done along that line by selling the present property at Seventh and Mission streets, now used by the street department for its rolling stock, and applying the purchase price on property somewhere around the city park, but nothing definite was decided. It's going to be thought about seriously, however, because the present building, partly occupied by the city on Dolores street, may shortly be sold and our municipality will find itself out on its ear.

OTHER MATTERS

Discussion of the request of the Humane Society for $600 a year from the city instead of the present appropriation of $300, for the maintenance of the Animal Shelter and the surveilance of dogs over here, resulted in a decision to wait for a month and see how much the society collected in Carmel for dog licenses and, if possible, to bring this income nearer what it should be by getting a higher percentage of payments than heretofore.

A communication from the Carmel Business Association requested pedestrian paths on Camino Del Monte and on Scenic Drive. The street department will see what it can do about it.

A complaint was made that horses are being ridden on the new sidewalk laid down the south side of Ocean avenue from Casanova to the beach. Signs prohibiting this will be erected.

The Bay Rapid Transit Company announced in a communication that it is to establish a new waiting room at Sixth and Lincoln streets about March 1 in the new Pine Inn building and asked for a loading zone on Sixthstreet. The council took this under advisement.

Miller Stewart requested a loading zone in front of his place of business on Ocean avenue just east of the library. The council is not inclined to grant the request.

On request of the board of trustees of the Carmel Library, Alfred Matthews was appointed by the council to succeed himself on the board.

As a committee of the whole the council will investigate the requests of service stations for the use of the curb driveways which now exist. Three stations failed to make their applications by the deadline on December 31 and they may find themselves in difficulty. They are now operating without permits, according to the council.

The council meets again January 22.

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Birney W. Adams, Bldg. Inspector, Is Dead

Birney W. Adams, for the past four year building inspector of the city of Carmel, died last evening at his home at Eighth and Torres streets, after an illness of many months. He leaves a son, Floyd, who has been acting building inspector since last September when his father became seriously ill, and four grandchildren.

Birney Adams was born in Ohio and came to Carmel many years ago. He was one of the organizers of the Carmel Volunteer Fire department and was a captain in the department at the time of his death. He was 62 years old.

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Jacqueline Smith, eldest daughter of the Howard Smiths, is now in San Francisco studying costume design at the California School of Design. Her father went up with her Monday and saw that she was comfortably if temporarily established at the St. Margaret's Club. By February 1 there will be a vacancy at the Residence Club and "Jackie" will move over there.

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CYMBAL WANT ADS are potent little buggers

Red Cross Has New War Relief Work Room

"The Carmel Red Cross has a new World War Relief Work Room," Miss Jane Burritt, work room leader, announced yesterday. You go into the Golden Bough Theater court, up some stairs, and there is a lovely big room, with a fireplace, a tile linoleum floor, plenty of windows and shelves for materials and completed garments.

"It's ideal for our needs," said Miss Burritt," and we hope to start operations there next Wednesday. We shall be open from 10 to 12, mornings and from 1 to 5 p.m. every week day. We want all our old workers to be with us in the new quarters and I want personally to urge anyone who knows how to sew or knit to come around and help. Present war refugee demands from Europe are tremendous, and the Red Cross must prepare for almost unlimited demands whenever the war ends, or the occupied territories are opened up for civilian relief. We cannot have too many workers."

The Red Cross Board officially passed a resolution thanking the Del Monte Dairy for the long use, rent free, of the quarters that have been occupied by the War Relief Work rooms. The new quarters are owned by Dr. Amelia Gates, who has offered the new work room quarters at a very reasonable rental.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Shepard, Jr., and their guests from Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Pettis, went up to San Francisco Tuesday for a few days of urban whipping and dipping and will be back at the Pebble Beach home of the Shepard's tomorrow. The Pettises will stay on for a few more days before returning to Nebraska.

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David Visel of the Asilomar Visels left for New York Tuesday to take over an important executive position with a national manufacturing concern. He will be in charge of sales for territory from Chicago to the Pacific Coast and hopes to be able to visit the Peninsula from time to time. Paulsen Visel, now has sole charge of Alisomar.

BEVERLY'S
House o'Flowers
Carmel Theatre Building
Telephone 374

KIT WHITMAN *presents*

RUGGIERO RICCI
Young Genius of the Piano
CARL FUERSTNER
Accompanist
SUNSET AUDITORIUM
FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 8:30 P. M.
TICKETS, 75c, 1.00, 1.50 (Tax Extra)
At Abinante's in Monterey, Lial's Music Shop in Carmel
Carmel Art Institute, Tels. 1222 and 618

A Bargain at Pebble Beach

There are four residential areas—each one in excess of a half acre—that can be purchased at this time for $1500 each. They are located near Del Monte Lodge and the Pebble Beach golf course. Less than five minutes from Carmel.

Why not have an estate instead of a lot? Learn the advantages and privileges of ownership in the Del Monte Forest.

DEL MONTE PROPERTIES COMPANY
Hotel Del Monte, telephone Monterey 3111. Del Monte Lodge, telephone Carmel 500. Carmel Office, Ocean Ave., telephone Carmel 1200. Pacific Grove Office, Ocean View Ave., telephone Monterey 7196.

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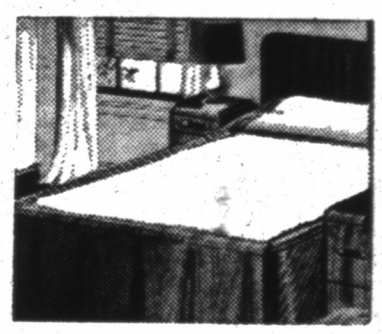

LADY PEPPERELL — FINE PERCALE
Size 72 x 108, Reg. Value $1.85. On Sale $1.45.
Sixe 81 x 108, Reg. Value $1.95. On Sale $1.55.
Size 42 x 36, Cases, Reg. Value 49c. On Sale 39c

LADY PEPPERELL — SERVICE WEIGHT
Size 72 x 108. Reg. Value $1.65. On Sale $1.29.
Size 81 x 108, Reg. Value $1.75. On Sale $1.39.
Size 42 x 36 ,Cases, Reg. Value 39c. On Sale 29c.

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Size 72 x 108. On Sale 98c.
Size 81 x 108. On Sale $1.09.
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One man with courage is a majority.

Carmel Tides

	LOW		HIGH	
10	1:27a	2.4	7:48a	5.1
	2:52p	-0.2	9:47p	3.8
11	2:11a	2.4	8:25a	5.2
	3:28p	-0.5	10:26p	4.0
12	2:55a	2.4	9:02a	5.3
	4:04p	-0.6	11:03p	4.1
13	3:38a	2.3	9:41a	5.4
	4:41p	-0.7	11:41p	4.2
14	4:24a	2.2	10:22a	5.3
	5:19p	-0.7		
	HIGH		LOW	
15	0:19a	4.4	5:12a	2.2
	11:06a	5.1	5:58p	-0.5
16	0:58a	4.5	6:05a	2.1
	11:57a	4.9	6:41p	-0.3
17	1:37a	4.7	7:05a	1.9
	12:55p	4.5	7:25p	0.1

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PAULA SCHRAPS TO MARRY BRAD SCHAEFFER THIS SUMMER IN CARMEL

Paula Schraps, at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis last Saturday, told a group of her friends that she would become the bride of Brad Schaeffer next summer, the wedding to take place in Carmel. Paula, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Schraps of Nivioc, Nev., used to live in Carmel, attended Sunset School and also Monterey Union High school. From there she went to Stanford where she was a member of the Alpha Phi sorority. Among the guests at last Saturday's luncheon were Mrs. Schraps, mother of the bride-elect, Mrs. Clifford O. Squier, the bride-elect's sister, and the following Carmel girls: Martha Millis, Virginia Wheeler, Patty Coblentz, Ruth and Mary Kellogg.

Brad Schaeffer did his undergraduate work at Stanford making his headquarters at the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He is now attending Stanford Law school and after their marriage they will live in Palo Alto while he completes his legal course. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Schaeffer of Dayton, Ohio.

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WILL SHOW FILMS AT SUNSET SCHOOL

"Marvels of Modern Science" in educational moving pictures will be shown each Wednesday at Sunset Library at 7:30 by the Carmel Adult School. Other interesting films such as the new "Uncle Sam, the Good Neighbor," which was shown last Wednesday evening will be included, whenever they can be obtained to add to the interest of the program. All adults are welcome.

About Children, Parents And Music Teachers

By David Alberto

"Come in the house at once and practice, Mary!" And Mary, obedient but reluctant, enters the door, seats herself before the piano or takes the fiddle in her hand and produces sounds which we term music.

Likely your child's name is not Mary—it may be Jane or Johnnie—but as likely the incident is a daily one in your home. So you assume that your child is not *very* musical. If so the child is an exception and you therefore, doubtless desire the explanation.

A single explanation will apply in all cases—the child is following the path of least resistance—and the solution lies in placing music upon that path, thus enticing the child toward, rather than from, the Art of Sounds. You, the parent, can do much to assist and your first duty is to ascertain that the teacher is competent.

Now there are music teachers and music teachers in this world—young teachers and old teachers; male teachers and female teachers; pleasant young ladies and grumpy old men; serious, alert students of music and of children, and superficial dabblers who regard pedagogy as one way to obtain money for the landlord.

It is this very impulse existing in most of us who possess normal humanitarian and kindly instincts that results in the destruction of musical appreciation in the life of the child, for the average young teacher, not unlike the more mature ones, are not always equipped to pursue their calling.

However, since it is the young teacher who eventually becomes the mature and frequently celebrated teacher, the parent should bear in mind that because an instructor is somewhat youthful and lacks the prestige which a large class affords and cannot afford to purchase considerable advertising space he possibly possesses the very mental requisites of which successful instructors are constituted. Furthermore a younger person is usually more attractive to a child and the essential sympathy between teacher and pupil is more apt to arise.

There are teachers and teachers — there also exist mothers and mothers. It is here assumed you are the mother who is definitely aware that now is the period when your child's future is being shaped and determined. And if the moment has also arrived when you are about to select a music teacher then the following suggestions should prove of value in guiding the course to pursue that music will prove a study leading to a finer conception of aesthetic pleasure rather than a monotonous task leading to boredom.

Your first inclination likely will be the result of having heard that Mrs. Jones' daughter has enlisted among the stock of music teachers, or you may see an advertisement describing in pseudo-scientific terms how readily children can be taught to play, or you may conclude that what is good enough for Mrs. Smith's child will suffice for your own progeny. In each instance one may accidentally select the ideal teacher, but the chances are against success, for the percentage of capable instructors as compared with the number of those engaged in the teaching of music is apallingly small.

Therefore let us assume that, instead of follow your first inclination, you will proceed in a manner more apt to end in a successful hunt. Your first clue might be obtained from the daily paper. There you will find news of student recitals and musicales and among the teachers of those children participating a capable teacher might be selected.

You must visit these teachers. They in turn will be most anxious to have you present at the next recital. At that recital you will be able to observe a point of great importance. Do these embryo musicians play in a manner implying that the motivating impulse guiding the tiny hands is one of joy and love and understanding? Or does the performance appear to be the result of tolerated drudgery presided over by a severe and unfeeling master?

Were the students of an age similar to the age of your child? (Teachers of older children are not always successful with smaller children) Does an attachment seem to exist between teacher and pupil?

Having found these conditions realized after the first or, more likely, after the tenth visit you are prepared to take the next step—have the child and teacher meet. If the child is small this meeting should take place in your home where the child will be at ease. If the teacher hesitates to accept an invitation to appear at your home you may be thankful that you have avoided placing your child with an instructor lacking an understanding of the child mind or else one unwilling to meet the innumerable demands which pursuance of his profession require him to accept.

Assuming that during this meeting your child seems to have discovered a new friend than you are prepared to take the final step in your hazardous quest—engage the teacher immediately, for you may be certain that you have performed your part in this matter thoroughly and intelligently and that your child is about to be introduced into that mysterious realm of sound by a sympathetic and appreciated guide and companion.

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Izzy Gomez Turns Tables On S. F. B. Morse

Back in November Del Monte lavishly turned itself over to Izzy Gomez, presenting him with a three-room suite, a song written just for him, and a special freight car with his initials carved on it to bring him down here. And lots of curious Izzy Gomez Nighters flocked from near and far just to see him. For one night splendiferous Del Monte Hotel was put in complete charge of Izzy Gomez—in fact the whole place was his at the drop of a hat. Only Izzy never takes off his hat.

And after he hopped aboard his freight car to go back home and mix drinks again behind his famous bar, we sort of forgot about him until last week when in Herb Caen's *Chronicle* column we read a copy of the scribbly letter which S.F.B. Morse had recently received and whose rather illegible contents read:

"Dear Mr. S. F. B. Morse:

I want to invite you to a Del Monte Night at my fine place which is very good. I think you will like my place. Please bring Mr. Stanley and Mr. Cerwin and we will have a good time.

—Izzy Gomez

So he isn't going to be outdone and there will soon be a Del Monte Night at Izzy Gomez's and after Mr. Morse and Mr. Stanley and Mr. Cerwin have climbed those rickety stairs and planted themselves on those perilous stools at the bar, the place will be all theirs—at the drop of a hat.

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Dr. Anthony Blanks to Be Feb. Speaker Before Carmel Woman's Club

Dr. Anthony Blanks, who heads the Public Speaking Department at the University of California, will be the February speaker for the Carmel Woman's Club, it was announced at the general meeting Monday of this week at the Playhouse. Loud applause greeted the announcement as the membership remembers vividly and with great pleasure the talk that Dr. Blanks gave to them last year on Mark Twain.

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CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

TELFER TO READ PLAY HERE JANUARY 25

The Auxiliary of the Carmel unit of the American Legion announces that Ronald Telfer will be on hand for his next play reading at the Legion Clubhouse Saturday evening, January 25.

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Clanging Cymbals

(Lynda Sargent continues the delightful story of her visit last summer to her birthplace in Henniker, N.H.)

+

My mother had four girls while you were saying Jack Robinson. Then, nine years later she had another girl and a year after that Father laid in my lap one night a screaming creature who possessed, to the astonishment of the sisters, unmistakable portions of ungirlishness. But that was her autumn crop, the last two, and for a long time we were just girls. We were all so near of an age that a procession of pictures of Mother and her small flock come to mind. Mother, very proud, in her pew in church, with four little girls in white; Mother, nursing the baby on a train and the conductor stopping to punch our tickets and beam at a twenty-six year old lady and ask the outraged oldest girl if her mother was her sister; Mother playing tag in the evening and hanging maybaskets and getting under the kitchen table to growl like a grizzly bear with us.

There was never a syllable to intimate that a swarm of girl children was not the ultimate of God's favors. Yes, I do recall once, when my father's best milk cow, whose lactic virtues he wished to perpetuate, had given birth to her third bull calf, there was a bit of terse vocabulary thrown around to the effect that some modification in the arrangements from the house to the barn might be pleasing to himself. Nothing more.

Nothing to indicate that the world over beyond Crany Hill was not crammed with men like our father, who esteems a woman the world's hope chest, and the treasure within the chest. I think there were many advantages to outweigh this one lack; not one of my mother's daughters has an iota of cattiness; not one but learned early the lesson of the kind of trust that begets trust; not one but knows that the much-vaunted differences between the sexes are essentially outward and piffling.

* * *

But there is a car coming up the hill . . . another car. This time, Maude, the fourth girl. Out they pile, her beautiful children; tall serious Gordon, fifteen; small, acute Dicky, eleven; dear little Patsy, who is going on eight, a compact package of charm done up in freckles and a rabbit nose. And Maude, gay and young, one of the kids herself.

Oh, how strange is a family . . . four girls of identical parentage, identical environment, identical first training, and not even trifling similarities!

1920—Shush . . . they say that fourth Sargent girl is quite flighty. Too bad, with three such ambitious sisters. And the boys she goes with . . . well, I guess they're not actually bad, but *really*—with *her* Mother, and she not even wanting to go to college. Tch, tch, tch! Well, I suppose you have to take the bad with the good, though goodness knows . . . a car of her *own*, mind you, and only teaching in a rural school at that . . . of course, they do say that nice French boy is one of her beaux. Now, mind you, I didn't say she was a bad girl . . . a mite *flighty* . . . hmmmm!

Ha! Look at her now, you damned old fools. Look especially at her children as they pile out of the car onto the lawn, Gordon helping her out, Dicky taking her load of punkin pies from her, Patsy smiling up at her mother before she makes her rabbit nose for anyone else, the nice French boy, after seventeen years of married life, walking up the lawn with his arms around his wife.

For the mantle of perfect motherhood has fallen most unpredictably on the shoulders of the flighty Sargent girl. Over and over again, I asked myself what was it that marked her off from the other girls, who are all fine mothers indeed, as something special; what makes her incomparably nearer her children, what makes it possible for her, as for our own mother, to be one with her children. The only near-satisfactory answer I can find is that she is just a natural. A consummate actress, unself-conscious, able to accompany her eldest son's fiddle playing not as his mother but as a pianist; to be a part of Dicky's devious eleven-year-oldness; to act the part of freckle to Patsy's eight-year nose. And, as I have so often said about our mother, I think the fact that her husband comes first with her, that there is no sex emotion spent on her children, is a great factor and a very rare one.

The result of this is curious; that where Marion is a more intellectual force and Pearle is a more articulate ethical force, there is a moral dynamic in this house the impact of which is terrific. The age of the Maudes is not passing; it will outlive this particular civilization and rise up to give the lie to the preponderant evil of parenthood. Its blossom may not look the rarest in the flower garden, but its seedpod is of the most miraculous contriving.

* * *

The five roosters are tucked away in the infinite capacity of the old kitchen range and the thin spoons have come down from upstairs in their soft flannels . . . the squash simmering . . . pickles trundling up from the cellar . . . enormous Fernside potatoes, correct in their brown jackets . . . red apple sauce from mother's tree . . . . fat clusters of Concords from over the shed door, their blush intact . . . the smell of onions boiling. . . .

When I left the tall brothers-in-law and came into the kitchen, the others had flown, each on some errand, and little sister Grace was alone, basting a bird. My treasure of a sister, not dearer than the others, but strangely nearer. My twentieth century sister, who is fourteen years younger than I. Hardworking, efficient, Yankee to her fingertips, handling the whole personnel of a great department store with the gloved hard hand, sturdy and staunch she stands. Her love for her husband and her baby are her whole heart, but only one hand, for her right takes little note of what her left hand doeth. Here is the Yankee who pirated the seas with fierce regarding eyes, to build him a home on New England soil and sow his sons in that soil. He did not look at the scenery, but he saw beyond the horizon and back again to the hearth, and, though he made sacrifices, he never did it for the sake of the gesture or the scurvy plaudit. If, in a world that has outgrown New England and finds the city of Boston somewhere to the right of the hub, you come to grips now and then with one of these, you will have to stop in your tracks and let him by, because he knows exactly where he is going, and why. There is no other contemporary Sargent I know with that kind of drive. Lycurgus built Sparta with it.

* * *

Noon throws back her shawl and warms the blood where the warm hearts glow. Ruby whickers her mid-day meal. Billie lies in his carriage on the porch and pretends to sleep, inviting small angels to his moving lips, opening his eyes to smile at his grandmother or his hands or the gentle waft of shadow the rose vine throws across his face. In the kitchen a heightening tempo, a blending of smells . . . chairs coming hurriedly downstairs . . . the little ancient vinegar cruet sitting on its modest pontil mark, struck by the sun . . . chatter and the yells of the boys at football. . . . Father wandering around, so happy . . . so happy.

But you go up to him and there is a wistful look and he watches the sky. Not with his weather eye but searching it. All his girls here today . . . the harvest gathering in . . . all his grandchildren . . . but not his son. Not that he expects him to drop out of the sky, into the ragged south field, just because he is a flyer. No. He certainly doesn't expect him at all, not from Kansas City . . . a properly busy and responsible man with a big job like that. He can see the silver wings, though. Last year he flew passenger, with his son at the controls . . . he, Al Sargent, moving over America, so fast he could hardly see it go . . . his own son holding all those lives in his hands. You can see the proud memory even now . . . good flying weather today . . . the keen eyes are wistful. . . .

Now all the women stand and survey the table . . . salt and pepper, relishes, bone dishes, place cards . . . everything ready. Children slapping water on face and hands all over the house . . . bathrooms, kitchen sink, at the pump . . . goodness, the mustard pickle . . .

Dinner . . . come all . . . dinner is ready. . . .

But just as they all crowd in . . . the tall sons-in-law, two little girl-cousins clutching each other's hands, waiting . . . what!

another car . . . who is that . . . who can that be *now* . . .

It is . . . it *is* . . . the tall young man, very smart and with exactly the same smile, exactly the same . . . handing his lovely blonde wife out of the car . . . it is, it *is* . . .

The face of the old man has incredulous wonder. It breaks for a moment . . . his son has come . . . his children all at home. The cord that holds all the hearts together tautens to a singing wire. The family is at Fernside. . . .

* * *

Lynda, will you ask the blessing. . . .

I look down the table at the bent faces for a moment. At the great pride and dignity on the face of the man at the head. In that moment the sense of the overwhelming felicity of that scene is almost more than I can bear, and its earth-shaking importance . . . never in all its history, a moment of discord . . . neither sickness nor any death, for she who was dead now lives again . . . no single cull in this man's harvest. Pride in its proper place . . . ambition with humility . . . grace and humour and love. I see it reaching into the world . . . see the thousands that will march from this table and remember, even from generation unto generation, what has been learned along its sides. I see my mother's shining face here now in every other face, praising and thanksgiving . . . going on . . . America . . . the world . . . justice and peace and heaven, too. I see that wherever these things are there will be a drop of Sargent blood coursing, a seed upon the invisible wind, a force in the international mind.

For this incalculable bounty, Lord. . . .

In the hush that follows, Father looks about his domain. By golly, I just thought of it, he says. My family, laid end to end, stretches clean across the continent.

—Lynda Sargent

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DR. CROWTHER TO TELL THE STORY OF MARY SLESSOR

Dr. James E. Crowther will tell the story of "Mary Slessor of Calabar" next Sunday at the Church of the Wayfarer, Monday being the twenty-sixth anniversary of her death on the West Coast of Africa.

Edith S. Anderson will be the soloist at the 11 o'clock service Sunday morning and will sing *Teach Me To Pray* by Jessie Mae Jewitt. The organ selections, played by Jewell Brookshier, will be as follows: *Voix Celeste*, by Edouard Batiste, *To The Evening Star* from "Tannhauser" by Richard Wagner, *Songs Without Words* by Mendelssohn, *Le Cygne* by Saint-Saens, and *Fanfare* by Lemmens.

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NEXT WEEK—
Starting Friday, Thornton Wilder's "OUR TOWN"—and on the same program a surprise STAGE PLAY by the same author.

OH!

General: Where's the best place in Carmel to buy groceries, meats and vegetables?

Colonel: At Kip's, on the corner of Ocean Avenue and San Carlos. Lowest prices, best values. What say, Major?

Major: Right, sir. What say, Captain?

Captain: Right, sir. What say, Lieutenant?

Lieutenant: Right, sir. What say, Sergeant?

Sargent: Right, sir. What say Corporal?

Corporal: You're blinkety-blink blankety-blank right. Huh, Private?

Private: Yes, me lord. It sure is—

KIP'S

The Constant Eater

We hadn't planned any special pilgrimages to literary shrines when we set out last summer to take a leisurely ramble down the Maine coast, but as it happened we visited two in one day.

I'll have to admit, to be strictly accurate, we didn't see either of them except from the outside, so perhaps "visit" isn't just the best word.

We were cruising around in Brunswick—and now isn't that ridiculous of me! I forgot that there were more than two literary celebrities connected with Brunswick! I forgot for the moment that we drove slowly past the old brick college buildings of Bowdoin in their lovely campus and gazed up at the window of the room where Henry Wadsworth Longfellow roomed so long ago. But then, having lived in Cambridge and walked past beautiful stately Craigie House so many times (to say nothing of having had his granddaughter for a classmate) I felt only a slight emotion at the sight of the famous narrow college window.

It was much more stirring, however, to drive down the quiet street lined with old New England houses and unexpectedly come upon the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe! A big barn, set back from the street at one side, had been turned into a gift shop and in it we could buy postcards of the house, which was not open to curious visitors. I'm a little vague about the details, but I believe it was in this house that the busy Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with one hand while she stirred up puddings and tended to the needs of six children with the other. I couldn't help gazing in awe at the comfortable, unpretentious white house and seeing it as the center of the ripples that spread and spread when "Uncle Tom" was finally dropped into the millpond of the literary world. How little its author could possibly have suspected the far-reaching results, the incredible immortality of her book, written in the passionate fury of her hatred of slavery and under the most difficult personal conditions!

The other pilgrimage, which we embarked upon perhaps more for our interest in the scene of a book than for its author, was connected with "Captain Abby and Captain John," by Tristram Coffin. It is, as you who have read it know, the story of the old shipbuilding family of Pennells in general and the tale of Abby, who went to sea with her husband John, in particular. From Abby's diaries and from family records Mr. Coffin has reconstructed a fascinating and vivid picture of those vanished days of old New England life and of the long voyages whose exciting adventures brought the color and romance of far-off foreign lands into the pallid lives of so many little seacoast towns. But what interested me more especially than the saga of the sailing vessels was the account of the houses the various members of the Pennell family built to live in on shore. After six years out west on a diet of small redwood, stucco and adobe one-story architectural creations (by the way, why aren't they "bungalows" any more?) my soul yearned for the big sturdy, built-to-last New England houses with spacious rooms, wide staircases and immense attics. Everywhere we went I feasted my eyes on the pillared porches and fanlighted doorways, the solid chimneys and the symmetrically spaced windows. It seemed I had forgotten how many there were—every city and village had streets of old trees arching high over dignified old houses; and out on the lovely country roads again we came upon countless serene white farmhouses shaded by towering elms and surrounded by spreading, stonewall-bordered fields.

In "Captain Abby and Captain John" Tristram Coffin described the houses the Pennells built in a little settlement near the sea and tells how he acquired one of these houses for a summer home for himself. Well, we were in Brunswick on a lovely summer day, we were delightfully free to stay as long as we wanted, having no definite plans, at all, so why not, I suggested, drive out and see where Tristram Coffin lived.

So we went into the nearest drug store and rather diffidently inquired how to get to the writer's home. It was in the height of the tourist season and the druggist might conceivably be a little tired of directing literary fans to Mr. Coffin's abode. But, to our surprise, the druggist drew for us a map which was apparently his maiden effort, since it caused him more than a little cogitation and several false starts before he would let it leave his hands. We were much impressed by his good natured and painstaking efforts to get us safely and correctly to our destination. I forget just how many miles we drove out of Brunswick but once off the highway we wound through woods and meadows on a rough dirt road which shook the poor old Pontiac unmercifully and made the fact that we met no other cars not at all surprising. But oh, the lovely medley of summer smells! I couldn't name half of what went into that heavenly fragrance—the sweet fern and pine and balsam and the whiffs of salt water tempered by the just-rightness of the hot sunshine. . . . It was simply the essence of a Maine summer day.

But finally, we came to wide flat fields bordered by woods and our road ran straight across the middle and seemed to end at a cluster of houses, while other houses sat back from the road each by itself, with acres of land separating it from the others. These, so obviously related to each other in their beginnings, must be the Pennell houses of what the druggist called "Pennellville"—with the accent on the first syllable. At the end of the road we inquired which was Mr. Coffin's house and finding it was the big white house on the right which we had just passed we turned around and started very slowly back. "Now what are you going to do?" asked the other members of the party.

"Well, seeing we've come all this way I think I'll go in and find out if Mr. Coffin is at home. Surely he wouldn't be really annoyed to hear that we enjoyed his book and were interested enough in it to come all the way out here," I asserted, more boldly than I felt inside.

But just as we approached the road that turned off toward the house a car drove out, and passed us in a cloud of dust. "One of the men in that car was Tristram Coffin," exclaimed my sister positively. "I've seen his picture often enough to recognize him."

"Oh? Then I guess we might as well go back where we came from. At least we've seen where he lives."

It was rather a flat ending to our pilgrimage and I think I shall always be just a little disappointed that I didn't have the opportunity to tell Mr. Coffin how delightfully it seems to me he has expressed both the tangible and the intangible charm of the stately, comfortable old house which is now his summer home.

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Oh yes, whether you care or not, I've got to keep my resolution about recipes. So here's one, appropriately from the "Yankee Cook Book." It's Mock Mince Pie (An 80-year-old recipe): 1 cup rolled cracker crumbs, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup water, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup molasses, ½ cup butter, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. cloves, ¼ tsp. salt, 2-3 cup sugar. Cook slowly a few minutes until it is the consistency of mince meat. Bake between 2 crusts, following directions for baking mince pie. —D. C.

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Club To Concentrate On Layette-Making as War-Relief Work

The Carmel Woman's club held its first group meeting for War Relief work last Wednesday morning at La Ribera. For the remainder of the year layette-making will be substituted for the regular Wednesday morning Current Events Section, although Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff, chairman of this section, has announced that she will hold the Current Events group at her own home the third Monday of each month.

Mrs. Alton Walker, president of the club, asked for volunteers to help on the relief work which is being organized as an aid to the local chapter of the Red Cross upon whom such heavy demands have been made. "Even if you don't sew," she added, "don't let that stop you from joining us because there are scrapbooks to be made, too, and anyone can cut-out and paste."

Other sections meeting next week are the Bridge Section Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and the Book Section which meets Wednesday, Jan. 15. Mrs. Clay Otto is in charge of this section and for this meeting Anne Loos, who is associated with Edward Kuster at the Playhouse and who has had much experience both in radio and stage work, will read a play, the name of which has not yet been announced.

The Garden Section under the leadership of Mrs. F. W. Clampett will meet Thursday morning, Jan. 16, at the home of Mrs. Saxton Pope on Franciscan way.

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'LABOR'S PART IN DEFENSE' TOWN MEETING TOPIC

"America's Town Meeting of the Air" will take the very timely and important question "What is Labor's Part in National Defense?" for its topic next Thursday evening. In Carmel interest centers in the local discussion group which meets at de Loe's for dinner at six.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." These words from II Corinthians comprise the Golden Text to be used Sunday, January 12, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The subject of the Lesson-Sermon will be "Sacrament."

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SKY MURDER

Sun., Mon., Tue., Jan. 12, 13, 14
NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR
ESCAPE
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Wednesday, Thurs., Jan. 15, 16
DEANNA DURBIN
ROBERT CUMMINGS
SPRING PARADE
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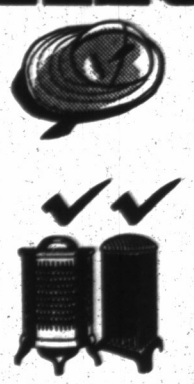
ELECTRIC HEAT



These portable electric heaters plug into any convenience outlet. Both carry guarantees by manufacturers. Fan-type models available.

If you move about in your normal activities, you can't keep from getting cold and wet in January. You may have occasional sniffles and sneezes. But the quicker you get dry and warm after a January soaking, the less risk you run of catching cold.

To provide heat that is fast and efficient in all winter emergencies, nothing surpasses the handy portable electric heater. It plugs into any convenience outlet. It starts glowing like the sun in a few seconds. It can be moved closeup without danger. And it will warm a small room like a bathroom in no time at all.

Make sure your home has a quick-acting electric heater for extra heating service right now. The short periods of on-and-off-use mean the cost of electricity will be very little. And if it saves the expense of a sick spell, you'll say it is "just priceless." In fact, that is what thousands and thousands of users do say in praise of the electric heater.

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WINTER SUNSHINE ELECTRIC HEAT 105W-141 COSTS LESS NOW—RATES ARE DOWN!

SPINDLING IT OFF

What is the super-sound system used by bats in avoiding obstacles?

How can a city be blacked out without a single light being turned off or a single shade being drawn?

+

Using a six-pound iron while doing an "average" family washing, a housewife lifts 1,200 pounds and pushes the iron six miles—something which she can fling in the face of the husband when he wants to know what *she* has done all day to be tired. . . . Trouble in dog-bathing usually comes in trying to get the dog into the tub, but the greatest difficulty a Carmel couple had the other day was when it took them two and a half hours to get their dog out of the bath tub after a good scrubbing. The dog's foot was caught in the drain and after many futile attempts to free it by pouring down large quantities of olive oil and cold cream, a plumber was called in finally to saw off the drainpipe. . . And all in the same getting-stuck department: in Texas a large freight truck got stuck in an underpass, not being able to go either forward or back on the icy pavement until someone got the bright idea of deflating all the tires. . . . In the same breath might be mentioned the little San Francisco boy who got a piece of candy stuck in his throat and who was rushed to the fire department where firemen poured quantities of warm water down him until the candy dissolved.

+

A chance to escape our bawdy, modern civilization and start from scratch as our ancestors did comes from Harper Henry, now back in California with an option on 6,000-acre Chirote Island 10 miles off the Pacific coast of Panama, who is inviting people to colonize it with him. It would be a real back-to-the-land movement as the colonizers would build their homes from the timber already there and get their food from the animals and plants which they would raise. . . . Perhaps a new sort of floor show—at a recent formal social function in New York, four policemen and their paraphernalia were authorized to take the finger prints of the 200 guests. . . . By covering the ears and mouths of bats, scientists found that the number of collisions in their flight were great, though when their eyes were covered it made no difference. This led them to find that bats may have been the world's first aviators to navigate "on the instrument" for they do it all by a super-sound system — they constantly emit hisses which the human ear can't hear but which reverberate from obstacles in the path of the flying bats and consequently aid them in avoiding collisions.

+

After their release from jail two prisoners in New Mexico insisted that their guitar be sent to them immediately as their living was dependent on it. But whether it was a musical living or a marihuana-peddling living wasn't made quite clear, for cleverly concealed in the guitar sitting on his desk the sheriff found 427 grains of marihuana. . . . The backward calendar mentioned here several weeks ago for the barber shop mirror gazers possibly isn't as smart an idea as its seems for a janitor in the office of the air line which printed them, who hadn't seen the calendars in their necessary background of mirrors, threw a large pile of them away—all the backward numbers looked like the printer had made a mistake. . . . Child genius starts early—ever since he was two years old and he used to sing arias from "Carmen" in his buggy, his mother thought him unusual. She was on the right track for now, at eight, Kenneth Amada speaks four languages, has an I.Q. resting between the lofty numbers of 170 and 190, and just made his debut the other day in New York as a concert pianist by playing through the largo movement of Chopin's *Concerto in F minor*, without a mistake. . . . While in Florida, Robert Clarson, a 11-year-old boy who has never had a drawing lesson, had a one-man exhibit of his paintings at an art center.

+

Experiments in Schenectady have shown that by pitting sodium light against glass treated with a special blue dye, homes and factories could be blacked out for air raid protection without window shades being pulled down. The blue dye allows daylight to come in, but prevents the sodium light from being seen on the outside. One of the main drawbacks, however, is the deep yellow color of the sodium rays which we have as fog lights on a lot of our highways. . . . A far call from the Indian method of attracting attention by smoke signals was the means used by a trapper and his family who needed medical care in a desolate spot in Alaska—they spelled the word 'help' out on the snow with spruce boughs, hoping it would be seen by the passenger plane which usually flew over that area. . . . Besides being the morning-starter at breakfast tables all over the country, coffee will now be found as plastic substance in buttons, costume jewelry, furniture, electrical devices and flooring. This new composition material is called "cafelite" by the physicist who discovered it.

+

Being robbed is one thing, but to have to get up out of bed from a sound sleep, walk across a freezing room and hand the money to the burglar is quite another thing. This was the curb-service demanded by a North Carolina bandit who wakened his victim at the point of a gun from the window and forced him to bring all the money he had over to him. . . . Doubtlessly all of the great composers probably wanted their music to be in some way beneficial to the population, but they most likely never would have expected their sonatas and symphonies to be used in speeding up a defense program or in helping to soothe the nerves of the employes who make bombs and bullets all day long. Which is the plan of Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who hopes to organize an orchestra of unemployed musicians to play in the defense factories during lunch hours. . . . Finding the wolf at the door doesn't always mean destitution, in fact, you can even make a profit from it these days. A Missouri man killed the 35-pound wolf which had come to his door, and got a $10 bounty and sold the pelt for three dollars.

—Elizabeth Houghton

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ART INSTITUTE OPENS AFTER SHORT VACATION

The Carmel Art Institute reopened its doors last Monday after a two weeks' holiday. Classes in oil, water colors, landscape and figure painting, sculpture, drawing and anatomy are being conducted each day under the direction of Kit Whitman. Armin Hansen, Paul Whitman, Finn Frolich, and John and Patricia Cunningham are on the faculty.

Lindeman Sisters Charm With Their Beauty, Sincerity, Artistry

Completely redeeming themselves for failing to show up at the Spring Meeting last May of the Carmel Woman's Club, the three Lindeman Sisters of San Jose, providing the program of entertainment for the January meeting of the club entirely on their own volition, charmed utterly with their beauty and the sincerity and artistry of their presentation of the authentic Mexican songs and dances, both old and new, which is their own particular *forte*.

The three sisters were born in Old Mexico. Their father was a mining engineer, their mother a member of an old Castilian family, they spent most of their early life on the huge *hacienda* which was their home. A knowledge and study of the legend and folk background of the Mexican peons and Indians is theirs, and they have developed a beautiful technique in presenting it to others in the form of song and dance. Three changes of costume, each more interesting than the one before, added a great deal to the enjoyment of the program. As there is a story behind every folk song, one of the sisters told it, briefly but with a nice humor and charm. While their voices are not large or important, they blend together beautifully and their tongues twist intimately among the intricacies of the Mexican lingo. The blonde sister, one whose beauty grew on you as the program advanced, strummed a guitar as accompaniment. Modern love songs and rhumbas were accompanied by drums and gourds. Particularly entrancing were the hands of the drummer, who held the small calfskin cylinders between her knees and managed to look like a minor goddess while so doing. Rhumbas and zambas and a group of old favorites stirred with their exciting rhythms and the sisters brought the delightful program to a close with an amusing little story in song called *Endless Laughter*.

It was unfortunate that apparently only members of the Carmel Woman's Club enjoyed these fine artists and I believe that an effort should be made to bring them to Carmel again so that a larger audience might hear them.

—Marjorie Warren

MRS. ELIZABETH CHAPPELL DIES FROM HEART AILMENT

Mrs. Elizabeth Clowry Chappell, a resident of Carmel since 1920, died last Sunday evening at the Peninsula Community Hospital where she had been confined for nine days with a heart ailment. She was born 70 years ago in Chicago.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Chappell leaves five children: Miss Gretchen Chappell of Carmel, Mrs. Adele Wainwright of Washington, D.C., Byron Chappell of Carmel, James Chappell of Monterey and Mrs. Mildred Melrose of Carmel; also a brother, Frank Clowry of Portland, and seven grandchildren, Joy, Janet and Robert Melrose; Maxine, Joan, Mary Elizabeth and Will R. Chappell.

Dr. James E. Crowther, pastor of the Church of the Wayfarer, conducted the funeral services at the Paul Mortuary chapel Wednesday morning and burial took place in El Carmelo Cemetery in Monterey.

Mrs. Chappell was a member of La Collecta Club of Carmel, which paid her the following tribute: "It was her delight to serve all who needed her. All, young or old, who had the privilege of knowing her, loved her, and she still lives and will continue to live in their hearts and memories. She was a most excellent neighbor."

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PHILOSOPHY CLASS OPENS AT ADULT SCHOOL

"Philosophy One," given in a six-weeks' course of one lecture a week, and presented in such a manner as to interest the individual who has never studied philosophy but has always wanted to know something about it, opened Monday night in Room 111 at Sunset school on the Carmel adult school program.

Margaret Monk will conduct the course. Her equipment includes two degrees from the University of Nebraska where she majored in philosophy, and years of experience in radio. Her book reviews for southern California clubs are known for their lively presentation and keen subject material.

ADULT SCHOOL ISSUES BULLETIN OF ACTIVITIES

A new bulletin listing new courses, schedule of all classes, program of the Carmel Forum and items of interest about various classes has just been issued by the Carmel Adult School. Copies are available at each of the school offices, or will be mailed on request.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH
(Protestant : Episcopal)
MONTE VERDE AND OCEAN AVENUE
The Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, Rector
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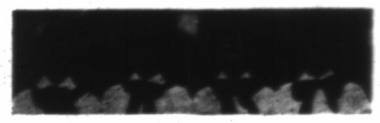

8:00 a.m. Holy Communion
9:30 a. m. Church School
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

Christian Science Services
First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel
Monte Verde St., one block North of Ocean Ave., between 5th & 6th
Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p.m.
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Open Every Evening Except Wednesday and Sundays, 7 to 9
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Personalities & Personals

Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Taubles left yesterday morning for Beverly Hills and will be away for two weeks. Dr. Taubles, just in case you're a stranger in town, is director of the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross.

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Martin Flavin left for Los Angeles Wednesday. While in the south he will discuss the possibility of filming "Mr. LittleJohn" which is already being considered but upon which nothing has been decided. William Powell has been suggested for the star part.

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Harold Gates and his bride, the former Ruth Nelson of Boston, arrived in Carmel Thursday of last week, stayed with Hal's mother, Dr. Amelia Gates on Camino Real, and left for Hilton last Monday morning. They were married in Reno, December 30. From now on Mr. and Mrs. Gates will lead a busy life and pleasantly agrarian existence on this Sonoma county ranch of Dr. Gates' which they will develop into a guest ranch. It is located 18 miles west of Santa Rosa and, according to Ruth, it's pure heaven.

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Although Del Monte Lodge offered no lures this year for New Year's Eve celebrants, a group which had met earlier for cocktails at the William H. Burnham, Jr., house at Pebble Beach, had supper at the Lodge and made merry for most of the night there. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Burnham and Miss Mary K. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. William Luis Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hyde of San Francisco (Mrs. Hyde is the former Virginia Hudson), Mr. and Mrs. Gail Burck of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Tirey Ford, Mrs. Phila Morse Dorman, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Law, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Scudder of Burlingame and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bradley of San Francisco.

This same crowd met for breakfast the following morning with an addition of a number of visitors from the bay area and Pasadena plus Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Fuller and Sam Hopkins.

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Lots of fun and no casualties marked the New Year see-er-in, no-host party which took place at the home of Mrs. Marian Karr on San Antonio street. Among the group that celebrated together were Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bunn, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Draper, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mulvin, Mr. and Mrs. Al Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Force, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Campbell, Betty Small, Ivey Van Cott, Betty Carr, Bud Todd, Mark Thomas and Capt. Bruce Bidwell.

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Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann was matron-of-honor and her brother, Dr. Robert Legge, was best man, at a Berkeley wedding last Friday when Helen Ruth Damon and Mrs. Wurzmann's brother, Herbert William Legge, were married. A Del Monte wedding had been previously planned for today, but the father, Dr. Legge, Sr. had to leave for a medical meeting in Chicago yesterday. Then the date was changed to January 3 with the locale still in Del Monte, but the flu prevented the bride from getting down to Monterey county in time to get the license.

The new Mrs. Legge is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Leroy Damon of Berkeley and is a student at the University of California which she will continue to attend following her honeymoon. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Legge of Berkeley and received his education at the Dean School for Boys at Montecito, St. Mary's College and the University of Southern California.

+

A tea honoring Miss Janet Graham, San Francisco pianist, was held at the Charles Bradford Hudson studio in Pacific Grove Sunday afternoon. Assisting Mrs. Hudson in receiving the guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Quayle Brett of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Bradford B. Hudson of Berkeley. Among the Carmel people present were Finn Frolich, Florence Lockwood, Laidlaw Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann, Kit Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. LeConte and Col. and Mrs. William E. Pulliam. Miss Graham is to be presented in a program of piano classics Tuesday evening.

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A wedding at the Curch of Mary Magdalene in Berkeley last Sunday united John Conter and Claire Laumeister in marriage and the young couple left soon after for Carmel where they spent a couple of days at Highlands Inn.

John, a graduate of the University of Minnesota in 1937 and a member of the A. G. R. fraternity, an agricultural letter society, left Rancho Tularcitos in Carmel Valley slightly less than a year ago to take a job with the Cutter Laboratories in Berkeley where he specialized in various cattle serums. Now he has been transferred to the Seattle branch of the company and will cover the northwest territory for them this year, taking his bride along on a prolonged trip that will take them to every large cattle ranch in that section. The new Mrs. Conter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Laumeister of Berkeley.

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Eggnogs were served Sunday afternoon by Capt. and Mrs. De Witt Blamer. This annual affair usually takes place New Year's Day which is Mrs. Blamer's birthday, but the four-day holdover worked very happily and the attractive Blamer place on Carmel Point opened its hospitable doors to about 44 friends, among them Col. and Mrs. Lawson Little, Mr. and Mrs. Willard W. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Abernethy, Miss Audrey Walton and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Rapp, Sir Alexander McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burrows, Mrs. Glady Kiplinger, Mrs. H. C. Murphy and her daughter, Mrs. Eric Van Zandt, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. John MacWillie, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Brennan, George Seideneck, Ruth Holmes, Pat Condon, Marjorie Warren, Robert Emmett O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. William D'Donnell, Col. and Mrs. Rush Wallace, Miss Nan McCormick, Mrs. Louise Fry and Mrs. Grace Howden.

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Mr. and Mrs. William Hargrave returned to their Carmel home last Saturday. Mrs. Hargrave who has been in Houston, Tex., for a few months, met her husband in Palm Springs before Christmas and they spent the holiday season there together.

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Henry Choisser and his mother, Mrs. Marie Choisser, were host and hostess for the annual social club party held last week Thursday at their home on Monte Verde street. It was a buffet affair with dancing and games afterwards. Those who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whitney, Donald White of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Bruce, Mrs. Helene Landry, Lieut. Joseph Kane, Maurice Grimshaw, Ila Gardner, Katherine Kehler, Leroy Miller of Pacific Grove, Lucille Garner, Mr. and Mrs. David Arnold, Mrs. Harry Arnold, Jessup Duvall, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Hitchcock, Bob Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Sal Cerrito, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pelham, Paul Lucido, Joyce Collison and La Verne Landry.

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Martha Millis was maid-of-honor for Virginia Randolph Block when she and Wayne Horton Snowden were married last Friday evening at St. Luke's church in San Francisco. Bishop Karl Morgan Block, the bride's father, officiated at the wedding, and Karl Morgan Block, Jr., gave his sister in marriage. A dinner in the Stanford Court apartments of Bishop and Mrs. Block followed the ceremony. After a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Snowden will live on Russian Hill.

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Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Sleeper are again in Carmel from Vermont where Dr. Sleeper is on the faculty of the University of Vermont. The Sleepers were in Carmel two years ago and at that time the Carmel Art Institute had no teacher of sculpture on its faculty. Dr. Sleeper used the studio there for sculpting, however. Although painting and sculpturing are his hobby and not his vocation, he takes them seriously enough to want to spend most of his spare time at this work. The Sleepers are living at Carmel Highlands where they have taken Dr. Margaret Levick's house for a few months.

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Edith Frisbie came back to Carmel last Saturday after spending the holidays with her family in Berkeley. She is stopping with Dorothy Stephenson for the time being.

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After ten days of music, theater and art galleries, Liesel Wurzmann came back from San Francisco Tuesday and is now at Dr. Amelia Gates' house on Camino Real.

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Mr. and Mrs. William Herbert Legge, who were married in Berkeley last Friday, were honeymooning in Carmel over last week-end. The groom is a brother of Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann who was matron-of-honor at the wedding ceremony.

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Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps left for New York Wednesday of this week to attend the wedding of her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt Fair, who will marry William John Warburton January 15. The ceremony will be performed at Consuelo Vanderbilt Fair's house on East Seventieth street in Gotham and the bride will be unattended because of the simplicity of the service. Among the guests at the wedding will be the bride's father, William K. Vanderbilt, who, with Mrs. Vanderbilt, visited here a few months ago.

This will be the third trip to the altar for this granddaughter of the late James G. Fair, California pioneer. Her first husband was Earl T. Smith and her second Henry Gassaway Davis III, whom she recently divorced in Reno.

Mrs. Phelps hasn't decided just how long she'll be in New York but will probably return to her Carmel valley ranch soon after the wedding.

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Alvin Beller is back from the south where he celebrated the New Year and saw the Rose Bowl game. Now he's champing at the bit waiting for his new studio that Hal Geyer is building for him in Carmel Woods to be finished so that he can move in his paints, pastels and whatnots.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Peninsula Male Chorus Resumes Rehearsals

The Peninsula Male Chorus, newly-organized choral group of local business and professional men who enjoy singing, resumed rehearsals after the holiday season and met last evening in the music room of Sunset School under the leadership of Jaffrey Harris and will meet each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock hereafter in this same place. A cordial invitation is extended to all persons interested to attend these rehearsals.

Jaffrey Harris, the director, has had a varied experience in all branches of music, having been chorus master for the Sir Thomas Beecham Opera Company in London, the British National Opera Company, and personal chorus master for John Barbirolli when he was in England. He has also conducted several symphony orchestras including the American Opera Company's symphony, the Westchester Philharmonic, and other prominent orchestras in New York City.

The program outlined by the committee is to get together a fine repertoire of classical, semi-classical and folk songs to present in concert to the people of this Peninsula at some near future date together with two well known assisting concert artists.

Members at present include Louis Dubin, Frank P. Binnie, Dr. Howard E. Clark, Ted K. Clark, Dr. W. F. Coughlin, Leonard Abinante, Andre N. Nisson, Nuncio D'Acquisto, Floyd T. Smith, William Bishop, Frank Dickinson, Robert Edgren, Carl Bensberg, Wallace E. Doolittle, Alf A. Nielssen, Cecil Haskell and E. C. Poklen.

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ANOTHER CARMEL GROUP GOES MERCURY

Alton H. Walker, Dr. W. H. McCabe and Lennart Palme, looking forward to a summer of sailboat racing at Stillwater Cove, are building another Mercury Class boat, making the sixth in this class for local competition.

Other Mercurys owned hereabouts belong to Stuart Haldorn, W. H. Burnham, Sam Hopkins and Ward Law, Tirey L. Ford and Kent Clark, Jr. Appearing here for the first time last summer, the Mercury Class gained immediate favor because of their reasonable cost and excellent performance. The class was originated in the San Francisco Bay region by the Nunez Brothers ship yard.

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IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

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Between Carmel and Monterey

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8:20	8:35
9:15	9:40
10:15	10:40
10:55	11:20
12:05 P.M.	12:25 P.M.
12:50	1:30
2:00	2:30
2:45	3:20
4:00	4:30
5:05	5:30
6:05	6:55
7:20	7:40
8:40	9:30
10:45 P.M.	11:00 P.M.

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TICE ELECTRICAL SHOP

Tapestry Appears From Germany, Owner, With Friends in Salinas, Disappears--'Address Unknown'

A friend of mine here in Salinas hasn't heard from her doctor-sister for nearly a year now.

The doctor's home was in Berlin; her patients included important military, political and social figures of Continental Europe. Consequently, her practice was a large, lucrative, and unusually interesting one. Unfortunately, according to the powers that be in her native land, the doctor made an extremely unwise decision at the height of her splendid career — when she married the man she loved. He was an internationally known and respected exporter, who, horror of horrors, happened to be a Jew!

One day in the early Fall of 1938 he vanished from sight right in the center of Berlin's principal business district.

The doctor well knew that inquiries of the city police would be useless, and of the military police equally futile; so she made use of the famous "underground" — a method against which she was eventually "cautioned" officially.

In late September, 1939, she arranged to send some old family treasures out of the country. There were just three items involved in the first of what might have been a lengthy series of such shipments had she been able to completely carry out her plans. One was an old deed to some property, in the Rhine valley, which had been in the family for something like six centuries; the others were two small, almost flawless, exquisite tapestries which had been passed along from the eldest daughter to the eldest daughter of many a generation. Strangely enough, these almost priceless works of art were allowed to go through without any particular formality. The deed, however, was considered as a "document of questionable nature," and did not reach the United States until some six months later. That the old parchment had passed thru many hands, not all of them gentle of touch, was obvious.

One rather brief letter, mailed from her summer place in Switzerland, followed by a couple of postal cards, were the doctor's only follow-up to the shipment of heirlooms; and then came a curious silence—a silence which has become a sinister, frightening thing to her wondering relatives here in our peaceful valley.

The doctor is apparently not situated so that she can correspond with any of her family or friends. Contacts made with her son and daughter by a former marriage reveal little, if anything, of a helpful nature. Letters sent to her Berlin address eventually returned, "Address Unknown."

For obvious reasons the characters in my story shall remain nameless, for until her family and friends learn of the doctor's whereabouts, or fate, the slightest mistake in action or judgment on their part might make a great difference in the way the story finally ends.

I have seen the tapestries .... they are simple, pastoral scenes such as one might expect an unsophisticated, country-bred girl to create. The technique is not particularly good, but every thread is carefully placed, and the colors, barely faded with the passing of uncounted years, were well chosen. These little bits of an old family history are now in a San Francisco bank vault, there to remain quietly hidden for many another hectic year.

This particular incident is just one of many hundreds occurring in Nazi-occupied Europe today. The saddest thing about such an affair is that relatives and friends of parties involved are almost completely helpless, regardless of station in life or financial condition.

An increasing interest in old tapestries, and the art of making them, on my part, has brought to light a number of fascinating yarns concerned with the history of individual pieces which I have found in the collections of several beauty-loving friends. It is a subject on which I intend making a further and much more detailed study.

+

The stories of the dog poisonings in Carmel have disturbed me no end. I know what it is to lose a much-beloved dog—a friend who might have been saved if I had been smart enough to keep a very simple remedy on hand. If a small tin of ground tobacco, or a plug of it, had been available my dog would have had a sporting chance.

According to my grandmother, who came across the plains in a covered wagon, the use of tobacco tea to cause dogs to vomit poisoned foodstuffs was common out here on western sheep ranches, where many dogs were employed for herding purposes. Some of the herders who chewed plug 'baccy generally did not bother to concoct a tea, they would just chew up a wad and force it down the animal's throat. Results were immediate, and satisfyingly complete to both animal and owner.

For those of you who own dogs, my suggestion would be to keep a tin of ground tobacco handy; if your animal shows the slightest indications of poisoning, such as convulsions, or paralysis of the jaws and throat muscles, dump the contents of the tin into water, heat it until fairly warm. Put the resultant "tea" into a bottle with a long neck, and force at least a pint of the liquid down the dog's throat. He will soon give up the poisoned food, along with a lot of other things he probably didn't know he had in him. It's pretty rough treatment, but will do the trick if applied in time. You can't always get to a vet-inarian in time.

How I'd like to lay hands on the rat who's causing so much grief in Carmel these days! Hanging's too good for such skunks . . . better to boil 'em in oil, or do a little experimenting with the good old Oriental "remedy"—the famous "death of a thousand cuts," that sort of thing lasts longer and makes more of an impression on the culprit.

—PHYLLIS L. SMITH

+ + +

Musical Art Club Will Present Elizabeth And Harlow Mills

The Musical Art Club is presenting Elizabeth and Harlow Mills in a colorful program of Hungarian and Rumanian music Monday, Jan. 13, at 8 p.m., at the Walter Colton school auditorium in Monterey.

Elizabeth and Harlow Mills have made a special study of the customs and music of Rumania and Hungary. Part of their program is played in costumes of these countries. Descriptive comments of composers and music presented will be given by these artists to afford the audience a better understanding of the music and life of the Balkan people in which most of us have a very real interest since recent developments of the European political situation.

The program features not only folk songs and dance music in its simpler forms, but also the more brilliant concert pieces by Bartok, Liszt, Heifetz, Dohnanyi, Ravel and Enesco.

The public is cordially invited to attend without charge.

DOG DAYS --- AND NIGHTS

By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

You're lookin' as fresh as the morn, darlin,'
You're lookin' as bright as the day
But while on your charms I'm dilatin'
You're stealin' my poor heart away.

Like the fair colleen in this old song, *Patsy* Henderson is quite a heart-stealer. There's something about a red-head—and when she's Irish, too, she is irresistible. *Patsy* is no exception.

She was the cynosure of all eyes the other day when she appeared on Ocean avenue decked out in a new collar. It was bright green, with gold studs to match the highlights in her hair, and was simply stunning. No doubt all the village belles will be wearing green collars before very long.

+

Speaking of pretty colleens, *Mickey* de Packh has left the village to go to Tucson with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav de Packh. *Mickey* and *Patsy* were great friends and when they were together, they made as pretty a pair as one could hope to see.

Mickey, known as "the girl with the Garbo eyelashes," (they were two inches long) will be greatly missed by her many friends here. They hope that she will miss the sea and the pines, the beach and soft fog, so much that she will come back this Spring.

+

That dashing gentleman, *Tommy* Warren, is convalescing in a San Jose hospital after undergoing treatment for an ear ailment. Tommy's mistress, Marjorie Warren, says he should be back home by next week. His friends are planning a gala reception for him.

Tommy is one of the best known and best liked villagers, and his familiar figure is greatly missed gadding about town whenever he's away.

+

Cynthia Lawrence sent us a most interesting clipping about a woman who casts horoscopes for dogs. Her name is Mrs. Dorothea Pratt and she believes that astral influences bear on the lives of animals with an intensity in direct relation to the subject's position on the scale of intelligence levels. She says that horoscopes can thus be highly accurate for dogs, which are at the top of the intelligence scale, slightly less so for horses, and progressively less so for monkeys, cats, cows, and so forth down the line.

Mrs. Pratt is convinced that a horoscope can accurately outline an animal's dominant characteristics and forecast his trials and tribulations for at least a year to come.

Cynthia is quite intrigued with the idea. She is trying to coax her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Lawrence, to have her horoscope cast. She would like to find out if a certain dark gentleman is "in the stars" for her.

(They always tell me to beware of dark men, *Cynthia*.)

A Letter of Appeal to Jessie Joan Brown

Dear Jessie Joan Brown:

I always enjoy your Dog Days and Dog Nights column in THE CYMBAL and it occurs to me that your column might assist me if you are able to spare the space.

Sukie is gone! Sukie is a scrubby female Pekinese dog. Her best and only asset being a gay and friendly disposition.

I allowed her to go for a walk by herself early on the morning of December 1 and she never returned. At the time she left my house in the old airport tract in Salinas, she wore no tag of identification.

She may have grown weary in her travels and been picked up as a friendless, stray dog. She is very dark in color, has a brown under coat, the ends of the hairs being black. She has taffy colored feet. If one looks into her eyes, a white, cataract-like scar will be discovered on one of them.

I have done everything I can think of to locate her but always find myself up against a stone wall. She had been with me for four years and I want her again so badly.

Do you suppose by some strange streak of fate she might be in Carmel and those now in possession of her might read of my loss if you wrote of it in your column?

I am offering $20 reward for her and positively no questions asked—only gratefulness for her return.

I cannot take the advice of well meaning friends who say, "Forget her and get another dog," for I still hope for the return of *Sukie*.

Thank you if you can give me any help.

Sincerely,

—ELSIE GOODWIN
Co. Health Department.
P. O. Box 496
Salinas, Jan. 7.

+ + +

Bishop Block to Confirm Class at All Saints

The Right Rev. Karl Morgan, D.D., L.L.D., Bishop of California, will confirm a class and preach next Sunday at All Saints' Church at 11 a.m.

Bishop Block will also be the Celebrant at the Service of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

At the 11 o'clock service the Offertory Anthem will be Caleb Semper's *If Ye Love Me*, and the full vested choir under the direction of Reu E. Manhire will participate in this service.

The Church School begins at 9:30 a.m.

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(*) our commercial printing is just as dandy

OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

What all with some sunshine and nice cleansing rains it looks life Fifi La Flu has gone and only a few million of her great-great—ad infin. great grandchildren remain to heckle the natives. But while she was visiting and cavorting around, the local drug stores did a land office business in aspirin and cough syrups.

+

Rosie's Christmas party was the event of the season and even if it is over two weeks old it is still news up here. He served egg nog from opening time until 1 p.m. when he took off for his Christmas dinner at the home of his sister, Mrs. George Wallace, and closed up the store. And a very good thing, too, for if he'd served many more gallons of that potent yuletide brew he wouldn't have had any store left.

+

New Year's Eve was right fittingly celebrated by the Robleites and some visitors from up Jamesburg way. The Wolferman bell, mounted on the back of Gracie Lang's truck rang out the old year and in with the new up and down hills and vales, so no one missed the fact that it was midnight of Dec. 31, 1940. After which festivities Gracie fed the gang at her house and they all went on to make merry up toward the Chapinos where they all called on a new bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Burnett. Reports as to the kind of reception they got vary.

Lyle Henderson was proclaimed New Year's mascot next day. The initiation ceremony took place in the C.B. at Rosie's. Lyle looked very typical in diaper *et al* as Young 1941.

+

On the way up the valley it sort of looks like a heavy windstorm had done a blitz with the pear orchards, but it's only that Joe Stewart and Roy Meadows are taking out their orchards since the pear market in Europe is all shot on account of the war. If any more farmers uproot their orchards it's going to be a pretty sad spring with no blossoms to let us know winter is over. We wish someone would start making the United States and South America "pear conscious."

+

Our Frankie is champing at the bit for good weather to come so he can use his tractor and do a bit of leveling off up on the hill where his airport sub-division is going to be. Since Tirey Ford bought a part of the Frank Porter ranch just adjoining the Ormsby property he bought some weeks ago, it looks like our airport is something more than just talk. And if you think the view from the top of those hills isn't about the prettiest you ever saw, you ought to go up there some clear day.

+

Scott Murphy's well behaved and calm demeanor just goes to prove that there is a Santa Claus. His little brother, Choppo (the tin-can-shinney champion of Robles) wrote the following letter which he entrusted Rosie to deliver. Rosie saw that it reached the proper source for fulfilment. Here's the letter.

"Dear Santa: I have been a very good boy every day. I have minded my mother. I have done what my father wanted me to do. Please bring me a pair of boxing gloves. All the people I want to fight is my brother and my brother is larger than I. I want a army truck—one of the little ten-cent ones.

Your Friend,

Charles Worth Murphy."

Choppo got the gloves — and the truck. And Scott is properly subdued.

+

The Porters spent their Christmas at home, Peggy and her family being there, and Paul also. Two days after Paul went to work in Salinas for a local bank he had an offer from Beckle, McConnell and Parsons, a construction firm in Oakland, to come work for them at a better job and bigger salary and in the line Paul wants to follow for his life work, so he's back around the bay region again and Frank and Jetta are reduced to the cat for company.

And Dave Finney, who raises the fine flowers on the Porter ranch, is visiting his sister in Portland. He's been gone three weeks and not a word from him. If he isn't home at the end of the week, or nobody hears from him, it will be assumed he has grown web-feet and is only waiting for his wings to sprout so he can fly back. And if the rain keeps up Dave won't know if he's in Robles or still in Oregon.

+

The loud reports heard in the flats down by the river in Robles are not repercussions from Clayton or Ord. They are rifle shots, and it is rumored that the parties responsible are some new renters who have moved in. Despite the fact that they have been informed there is to be no shooting in the tract, they keep it up. We must be nice and friendly to our new neighbors, and what if a few of our pets do get killed—or a few of our children have their eyes blown out? Our new residents must have their fun—or maybe it's feudin' in our hills.

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From the C.B. Box.

"Dear Cracker Barrel:

"Maybe you think things are engaging. Soda wee. Kay Maloy to Norman Bailey.

There's some Baileys living up where Dewey Clough used to be. The nice big house with the swimming pool."

+

First prize should have gone to Gracie Gross for the most human Christmas tree up the valley. It was designed especially for her 40-odd chipmunks and was made from a limb of an oak tree, steadied in a bucket of sand, and profusely strung with strings of peanuts and cracked walnuts. If you think those 40 chipmunks don't believe Gracie is their personally - appointed Santa Claus you should have seen them go to it on Christmas morning when they came out of their nests and found the tree in their house!

+

A great addition to the general store is the electric clock which was a Christmas present to Rosie. We were all surprised when he put it up over the door, because some months ago when Rosie was questioned as to why he had no clock he said:

"If I had a clock around here, and realized how many hours I work I'd go nuts!"

So if Rosie goes nuts, blame it on the clock.

+

The Col. McIntoshes will be happy to know that Mr. Riley has a very nice wife now and will probably stay home and stop robbing the McIntosh animals of their food. Mrs. Riley was a former Salinas girl, very pretty and with a mind of her own. Some young Rileys may be expected in a very few weeks. Further details in a later issue.

—ELSBETH FREELSON

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Florence W. Parker Comes to Carmel

After nine years in Hollywood Florence Williams Parker is in Carmel and staying with Margery Pegram for the time being or until her plans for a place of her own materialize. Carmel has been a favorite spot for her sister's family, the Gerald Warburton Stevens of Sausalito, who have been coming back and forth for years and who soon will be building their own home here for permanent residence.

Mrs. Parker is another member of our considerable British colony and also an addition to the constantly growing group of musicians who are making Carmel their home. She is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Berlin, was one of the ten pupils to whom Heinrich Barth restricted himself. She did concert touring throughout Germany, and taught music at the Posen Conservatory from 1910 to 1914 and after the war broke returned to England where she had charge of all the music departments, including the glee clubs, harmony and music appreciation classes, at Thomas Park College just outside London. She came to this country and married into the Parker family of Boston and finally landed in California after years of traveling throughout the southwest with her husband who was suffering from tuberculosis.

In Hollywood Mrs. Parker was singularly successful with her Music Study Groups which she organized among older women who wished to take up their piano again. A day a week was devoted to group classes meeting at the various homes with time off at noon for luncheon. Whether a similar group could be arranged here is what is concerning Mrs. Parker at the present moment.

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CYMBAL WANT ADS are potent little buggers

Wherein We Express Great Delight In the John Burr-Anna Grant Dall Opera Readings at Playhouse

We wrote about the opera readings when they were just a hazy idea slowly taking on shape, we wrote about them when they were enthusiastically received at their first complementary performance a month ago, and we wrote an advanced notice of what their presentation would be last Friday—in fact we've done a good deal of writing on these opera readings, but this was all before we had gone to, seen and heard John Burr sing *Evening Star* and heard Anna Grant Dall and Margaret Sherman Lea play *The Pilgrims Chorus* from "Tannhauser" all on a background of a soft rain which fell on the roof of the Playhouse where we were cozily established on the Friday just past. After that wintery afternoon where we had heard such lovely music, we came to the idea of opera readings convinced more than ever of their educational and cultural value. And how much more enjoyable and understandable was "Tannhauser" by the Metropolitan the next morning when we knew what was going on and when we knew where to expect the main arias after having had the most important motifs pointed out and a synopsis of the story the day before.

This afternoon, although we won't guarantee the pleasing musical background of rain, the program promises to be just as nice for the opera is Verdi's famous "Il Trovatore" which the Metropolitan will present tomorrow morning and which is one of the half dozen most often played operas. In 1938 in Europe Burr played Ferrando in "Il Trovatore" but today he will sing, *Il balen, il suo sorriso* which is the song of Count de Luna. Besides *The Anvil Chorus* Miss Dall will play a number of excerpts from the leading arias and *The Miserere Chorus* will be played on a recording.

There we've done it again—once more we have told about the opera readings and once more we hope we have transferred some of our enthusiasm so that you will go to the Playhouse this afternoon, and every Friday afternoon, to see for yourself how helpful and enjoyable these readings can be.

—E.H.

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More Personals

Huyesin Halit, who now has a studio on Carmelo between Seventh and Ocean, is opening it to the public each Wednesday afternoon between 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock at which time he will show different groups of his work

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Mrs. George D. Flynn and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Flynn, of Fall River, Mass., who arrived here in the middle of our first heavy rain, are living in the Glasgow house in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club and plan to remain for the winter months unless the weather proves too much for them. They are old friends of Capt. and Mrs. Joseph Glasgow. In Fall River it is Capt. "Dee" Flynn, head of the Women's Motor Corps unit of the Red Cross which she organized.

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A group of women will meet for tea with Kit Whitman after the Valley lecture today at Hotel Del Monte and discuss plans for a Ricci reception following his concert at Sunset Auditorium January 24. Included among them will be Mrs. Allan Griffin, Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mrs. Maurice Barclay, Mrs. Clay Otto, Mrs. Marjorie Warren, Mrs. Martin Flavin, Miss Flavia Flavin, Mrs. W. H. Hargrave, Mrs. Markham Johnston, Mrs. Stanley S. Simsonson, Mrs. Chester A. Shephard, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Paul Dougherty and Mrs. John O'Shea.

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Carmel High School Notes

Carmel High Five Will Face Salinas Tonight

The big test comes at 7:30 p.m. tonight when the budding basketeers of Carmel High face the powerful Salinas High quintets on the Mission Ranch Court in the second game of the league season.

Salinas, popularly supposed to be the best team of the league and slated for the championship, may receive a nasty surprise from the hilltop school's five. Carmel specializes in last minute scoring sprees and twice this year has pulled hotly contested games out of the opponents, favor by a single basket margin. Bob Garguilo, Mas Ashton, Don Berry, Pete Thatcher, Dick Thomas, Russ Bohlke and Marty Artellan are establishing a reputation for spirit, determination, and inspired comebacks among the fans who have watched them defeat King City and Gonzales.

Coach John Hobson, returning to the fold after a two months sickness, has worked the boys hard in preparation for the game. This bodes no good to Salinas' hopes, for Hobson is a basketball specialist and last year was assistant coach at Stanford University. Particularly glad of his return are Kenny Jones, Gordy Miyamoto, Bob Gansel, Don Staniford and Kent Whitcomb of the lightweight team. They have yet to win a league game and are anxious to prove themselves against Salinas.

+

FLU VANISHES

"Gone with the Rain" should be the title of the influenza drama that has filled the Carmel school authorities with apprehension for a month. TheChristmas vacation saved the schools from the closing suffered by scores of other California institutions, a closing which the Carmel High School could not afford since it was running on a minimum school year.

The two weeks' rest and the cleansing rain spelled disaster for the flu germs and when school opened Monday the attendance chart showed "Back to Normal."

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DOCUMENTARY PICTURES

Two of a series of motion pictures made available to the science classes of the Carmel High School by the University of California, "Liquid Air" and "Matter and Energy," were viewed with great interest by students of chemistry, physics, biology, and general science on Monday and Tuesday.

J. W. Getsinger, head of the high school science department, explained that such films will be shown throughout the school year. Other departments, notably the English, history, art and economic fields, have also planned to draw upon documentary and illustrative motion pictures very soon.

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Sunset Menu

Monday—Rice tomato soup, carrots, marcaroni and cheese, banana salad, ice cream.

Tuesday — Vegetable beef soup, peas, porcupines, cole slaw, Jello.

Wednesday — Cream of green pea soup, artichokes, mashed potatoes and gravy, cottage cheese and peach salad, prune upside-down cake.

Thursday—Mongol soup, spinach, hot dogs, carrot-pineapple salad, peaches and cookies.

Friday — Clam chowder, baked squash, lima beans, spanish, artichoke salad, ice cream.

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LIAL 'RECORD EVENINGS' TO BE RESUMED

After the holiday lull, Margaret Lial will once more resume her evenings of classical recordings in the Monterey Studio and henceforth on every second Monday of each month.

Among more familiar records, Miss Lial hopes to be able to play each time at least one brand new recording of some concerto or symphony which hasn't yet been heard very extensively, accompanied by a very brief talk which might help interpret the selections.

Everyone who is interested is invited to come next Monday night at 8 o'clock to Lial's Music Shop on Alvarado street in Monterey.

Proponents of Garage-Service Station Plan Fail to File Petition of Approving Property Owners

(Continued from Page One)

garage and service station. Study of block books showing property ownership in the vicinity seems to indicate that the required 50 per cent of the property owners cannot be obtained on the proponents' petition.

Besides the signatures of adjacent property owners on THE CYMBAL'S petitions it is noted that one whole block within the radius — Devendorf Plaza — is owned by the city, which, obviously, cannot be a party to the proposition either one way or the other. A large part of the block directly north of Block 68 is owned by Keith Evans, mayor of the city and a member of the city council, whose official position precludes his taking a stand in the matter.

That the proponents did not file their petition Wednesday night does not mean, however, that they still may not do so. In answer to a query by the editor of THE CYMBAL Wednesday night, City Attorney William L. Hudson said that there is no time limit in which the owners of the property must present their list of approving property owners. He said that the "zone of interest" had been fixed by the council at a 400-foot radius and that the property owners may file at any time in the future providing their signatures are of property owners of record at the time of filing.

The council does not meet again until January 22. If the owners of Block 68 file the necessary signatures at that time the required public hearing cannot be set sooner than 15 days from that date. This means that Carmel citizens have until Wednesday, February 5, at the earliest to build up a concerted opposition to the proposal.

ZENAS POTTER ADDRESSES SALINAS LIONS MONDAY

Zenas L. Potter, whose address before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco last October on "What's Holding Up Defense Preparations" has been printed and circulated all over the United States (Cymbal Press ad), is talking to the Lions Club in Salinas next Monday noon on "Airplanes vs. Automobiles." The talk will be broadcast. The next day he talks to the Rotarians there.

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DAN McCARTHY LEASES WILLIAMS RESTAURANT

Dan McCarthy has acquired a restaurant. He has leased Williams' Restaurant on Ocean avenue, just west of Dolores. It will be called Dan's henceforth and McCarthy promises great things for it. Not audibly, he doesn't, but we can tell by the look in his Irish eye. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy (the latter quite a delightful person, if you ask us) have been in our midst about two years now, occupying a delightful home up in Carmel Woods.

Joe Clague—you know Joe; he's cut many a side of meat before your eyes—is opening a shop of his own in Pacific Grove. He starts carving today. It's on Forest avenue, just across from the old post office site. In with him is Scotty Hewitson, who handles produce and such.

+

La Collecta Club held no meeting this week because of the death last Sunday evening of Mrs. Elizabeth Chappell, charter member of the club, at whose home the meeting was to have been held. Next meeting will be Wednesday, Jan. 15, at the home of Mrs. Victor Harber.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FILING OF ASSESSMENT AND TIME OF HEARING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on December 30, 1940, a diagram and assessment were filed with the undersigned Secretary covering the sum due the contractor for the public improvement performed by it on Camino Del Monte, Santa Rita Street, Serra Avenue, Pico Avenue, Guadalupe Street, Cabrillo Street, and the right of way reserved for public utilities, all as described in Resolution of Intention No. 151 passed August 19, 1940, by the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District, reference to which resolution is hereby made for a description of the work and of the assessment district therefor, the bonds to be issued on unpaid assessments, and for further particulars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that Monday, the 20th day of January, 1941, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock P. M. is the time fixed by the undersigned Secretary when all persons interested in the work done or in the assessment may appear at the regular meeting place of the Sanitary Board of said District in the Sundial Court Apartments Building in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, and be heard by said Sanitary Board.

The owners and all other persons interested in said work or in said assessment, having or making any objection to the correctness of said assessment or the diagram attached thereto, or other act, determination or proceeding of the Engineer of said District, shall, prior to the day fixed for said hearing, appeal to said Sanitary Board by briefly stating in writing the grounds of appeal.

Dated: December 30, 1940.

ALLEN KNIGHT

Secretary of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District.

(pub. j3,10)

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO ENGAGE IN THE SALE OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

January 2, 1941

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that fifteen days after the date posted, the undersigned proposes to sell alcoholic beverages at these premises, described as follows:

Williams Rest. & Fountain, N's Ocean Ave nr. Dolores St., Carmel.

Pursuant to such intention, the undersigned is applying to the State Board of Equalization for issuance of an alcoholic beverage license (or licenses) for these premises as follows:

On Sale Beer & Wine.

Anyone desiring to protest the issuance of such license(s) may file a verified protest with the State Board of Equalization at Sacramento, California, stating grounds for denial as provided by law.

DANIEL J. McCARTHY

CLASSIFIED ADS

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

STONE VENEER HOUSE, 6-room house on Randall Way, Hatton Fields. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Central heat. $9850. F. H. A. Easy terms. Carl Bensberg, Owner and builder. (tf)

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+

Three lots offered at $1150 for immediate sale. Fine for investment homes. BOSTICK & WOOD, Ocean Avenue & San Carlos. (2)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL WOODS LOTS—Larger lots at reduced bargain prices—over 25 fine lots to select from—some with water view—all utilities available. $600, $700, $750 buys a good lot on low terms payable monthly. With all the building activity lot prices will be higher by Spring. We advise buying a lot now at these low prices. Carmel Woods is an ideal location for a home, and a good investment. Full information Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Ave., or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (2)

REAL ESTATE FOR EXCHANGE

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'Thief of Bagdad' Ends Playhouse Run Sunday

Last week we wrote that "The Thief of Bagdad" was prolonging its plans of hopping onto its magic carpet long enough to stay over the week-end, but apparently a jinnee must have granted half-way Ed Kuster's wish that it could go on forever and it stayed for another week and will be here through Sunday night, thus having the longest continuous run of any picture which ever came to the Peninsula.

This is a last call, however, for those who haven't yet seen it because Kuster is not allowed further extension of the run after the Sunday night performance, and that a subsequent revival is not likely.

This picture, which was contracted for last year when it was scarcely half finished, has been seen by more than five thousand who have come to Carmel to watch the little thief in his astonishing feats on the huge cobweb, his flight over mountains on the pigtail of the giant jinnee, his escape on the carpet and all the rest of the thrilling adventures found in this colorful picture of an Arabian Nights fantasy.

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HUSEYIN HALIT GETS BIG PUBLICITY ON PAINTING EXHIBIT IN S. F.

Huseyin Halit returned to Carmel last week after a few weeks in San Francisco where he was on hand for the opening weeks of his show of portraits in line and color, his water color sketches and his oils, which are still on exhibition at the Courvoisier Gallery where they will remain until the end of this month. In fact, this gallery will keep a representative display of his work permanently on display.

Yesterday Halit moved into a small studio near Ocean avenue where he plans to remain for some time. His cat, *Sultane*, who came with him from Turkey and who has been waiting patiently in New York until his master is settled, will soon be joining him.

Emelia Hodel, feature writer for the San Francisco *News*, gave Halit an interesting write-up recently and used a portrait of the artist and two reproductions of his famous cat portraits to illustrate the yarn which was written cleverly from *Sultane's* point-of-view.

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FIRST-AID COURSE ADULT SCHOOL OFFERING

J. W. Getsinger, head of Carmel Adult School, is starting the second standard first-aid course tonight in Room 2, Sunset, from 7:30 o'clock until 9:30 o'clock. This course comes under the supervision of the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross and James H. Brand, Jr., is the instructor.

In view of the current National Defense program this course will carry even more interest than the first one, as such knowledge might work out to good advantage in case of an emergency. The class will meet twice weekly—on Monday and Friday nights.

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The San Simeon Highway, State Route No. 1, is closed to all traffic from 12 miles north of San Simeon to Big Sur, due to slides and falling rocks, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

'Captain Caution' at The Carmel Now; 'Escape' Comes Sunday

CONRAD VEIDT, NORMA SHEARER and ROBERT TAYLOR in "Escape."

It's a double bill at the Carmel Theatre tonight and both pictures sound like good fare for any with a lust for adventure in their blood or for school children who look forward to real entertainment at the Saturday matinee. "Captain Caution" is from a yarn by Kenneth Roberts who wrote "Northwest Passage." It stars Victor Mature, Louise Platt, Leo Carrillo and Bruce Cabot. This is a sea epic revolving around the romance connected with the War of 1812. Its story focuses on the American merchant vessel *Olive Branch* which is homeward bound from the Orient and which is captured by the British.

"Sky Murder" is a new *Nick Carter* adventure starring Walter Pidgeon as *Nick Carter*, and is the second picture on the bill.

Edith Vance's best-seller "Escape" comes to this screen Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, starring Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor. After much discussion and debate Miss Shearer won the coveted role of the *Countess von Treck* who, American-born, has gone to her husband's country to live and after his death has been forced to support herself by conducting a finishing school for foreign girls. World-weary and vaguely dissatisfied, she finds herself involved in the deperate attempt of a young American artist, *Mark Preysing*, to free his ex-actress mother, *Emmy Ritter*, from a concentration camp where she is to be executed for treason. As *Mark*, Robert Taylor enacts the most dramatic role of his career, teaming for the first time with Miss Shearer. The picture is a logical successor to "Waterloo Bridge" in which he evidenced his greatest dramatic progress opposite Vivien Leigh.

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Red Cross Report Tells Of Christmas Joy

Miss P. Leslie King, chapter secretary of the Carmel Red Cross, gave a very human report of the Christmas unit at the regular meeting held Wednesday afternoon. There were 51 families of 187 members who, but for the Red Cross, would have been passed by Santa Claus. Among the gifts were renovated toys for the children, candy and nuts, food and moderate cash gifts. It took Miss King and her aides two days to distribute these remembrances.

"I only wish those who support the Red Cross could have looked in on some of these homes with me," said Miss King. "It would have done their hearts good."

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BILLINGERS WIN CHRISTMAS DECORATION PRIZE IN FLORIDA TRAILER PARK

Mr. and Mrs. William Billinger of Carmel who are wintering in their trailer at Brandenton, Florida, were awarded first prize for the best decorated tree at the Brandenton Trailer Park at a Christmas Eve ceremony attended by guests of the park. Billinger's prize-winning display was augmented by a mechanical device he constructed around the base of his tree which consisted of two-foot dolls revolving in a dance-around-the-Christmas-tree effect. The "merry-go-round" display atracted large numbers of park visitors.

Kit Whitman to Present Ricci Here And In Santa Cruz

Kit Whitman has two Ricci concerts on her hands, first in Carmel January 24; second in Santa Cruz February 1. This is the first time that Kit has enlarged the scope of her impresario activities to include anything outside of Carmel. With her customary thoroughness and enthusiasm she is doing a lot of preliminary ground work in Santa Cruz and gathering together her list of patrons and patronesses. Mrs. Deming Wheeler is already whole-heartedly behind the event in Santa Cruz and is planning a reception for Ricci immediately following his concert.

Mrs. Wheeler is giving a luncheon for Kit at the Pogonip Club January 15 when Kit will have an opportunity to speak to a representative group of Santa Cruz women on her impresario work. The following week she is scheduled to speak at the Soroptimist Luncheon at noon and the Business and Professional Women's Club at night; the first will be about the Carmel Art Institute, the second on Ricci.

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Good skiing is now being enjoyed at the Sulphur Works in Lassen Volcanic National Park, where approximately five feet of snow lies on the ground.

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